February izth, 1797.

A most ridiculous thing happened to me last evening. I went about six o'clock, in a carriage, to call upon Mrs. Drumgold about some business. Upon knocking, a cookmaid, through the keyhole, asked what we wanted. The servant gave my name, saying I wished to see Madame Drumgold. A window opened in the upper story, and ladies appeared, enquiring who I was. I answered ; then other windows opened, and there seemed a great commotion throughout the house. It seems, the servant said I was M. le Commissaire, and probably they thought I was the police officer come to take them up, for the maid came again to the keyhole and said nobody lived in the house. Upon this I took my departure, and wrote the nature of my business to Mrs. Drumgold, which was about Mr. Latin's house, &c., and received her excuses. Such are the remnants of the reign of terror.

There is a *bal abonne,* with Robert Dillon at the head, called ' Les restes de la Guillotine." None are admitted but *femmes presentees*

and *fils de pendus*.[1]

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[1] *Femmes presentees*—those who had been presented at Court prior to the Revolution; *fils de pendus*—sons of those who had perished by the lantern, guillotine, &c. A more painful instance of French levity can scarcely be adduced.